

# The Hamiltonian



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June, 1928

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Hamilton High School • Hamilton, Mass.

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# The HAMILTONIAN

*Published by the Students of*

## HAMILTON HIGH SCHOOL

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and HOWARD BOYD

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JUNE, 1928

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## *Literary*

### *The Class' Progress*

AFTER a necessarily close study of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, I retired at the usual late hour, and, lo, I, too, had a dream! I dreamed of the progress of the Class of 1928, how it set out from Junior High, its City of Destruction, with the Celestial City, personified by a Diploma as its goal.

Many were the dangers and pitfalls during the first stages, for we began the freshman year with a membership of twenty-eight and our Evangelist, in the guise of Miss Cary, did not find it an easy task to direct our footsteps. Nevertheless we advanced steadily, and unlike Bunyan's Pilgrim, enjoyed ourselves as soon as our Burden of self-consciousness had left us. As awards for our excellent conduct, we received, after many class squabbles, our class pins, and also the most brilliant function we climbing freshmen had ever experienced, the Freshman Masquerade Party. Following this, our debut into the social world, we were exhausted and devoted the major part of our time recovering the English

composition papers that Miss Buklin passed back to us, marked with such encouraging words as: "Is this original?" and "Unsatisfactory work," while in class she pleased some of us with such nicknames as "baby-face." As freshmen we were not heard of again except those of us who attempted to strengthen the graduation chorus, after which we joined our classmates in receiving the long-wished-for junior high diploma which entitled us to pass the Wicket Gate into the sophomore class.

When we entered the sophomore class, although our ranks had thinned considerably, we were a stronger class with more definite plans in view. With the help of Mrs. Boyd's advice in planning candy sales and so forth, we could plainly see a well-financed trip to Washington on the far horizon. Then I dreamed we advanced stumblingly over the way, faltering only at such times when, during our Julius Caesar class, the Romans offered "applesauce" after Mark Antony's speech, and we were immeasurably thrilled when our sis-

ter class of 1926 gave an account of its trip to Washington. Being warned by our Evangelist, that we were drawing near to Vanity Fair, in the form of the junior prom and a sequence of other social activities, we drew forth our purses and purchased our class rings in order to avoid too much expense in either of the two remaining years.

Some of our elders now told us that the most difficult part of our pilgrimage was passed. So, not doubting their words, we entered upon our junior year with cheerful minds and light hearts, although I am sure if we should have the chance to retrace our steps, we would not feel as confident, for now we know that false hopes are the hardest to overcome. Throughout the late fall and winter, we regularly attended the frequent socials and dutifully tried to master the dance steps which were supposed to prepare us for the approaching big event, and our "Prom" *was* an event! But, then, why shouldn't it be, for, after the many hours of hard work the members of the decoration committee and their innumerable train of assistants spent in the direction of the Town Hall, there is no reason why the occasion should not be recorded in history as the most brilliant success known. After the junior prom we were veterans at this social business and so handled the ensuing senior reception with remarkable skill.

Then I dreamed of a short summer vacation, through which we all waited with breathless eagerness for the beginning of our last year and the temptations of Vain-Confidence and By-Path Meadow that we would have to overcome. Immediately upon starting school in September 1927,

we set to work and chose a class play with suitable characters to fit our class. I'm sure you'll agree that "Second Childhood" was a remarkable production, and yet, if any one had observed some of the rehearsals, he would have believed that the title of the drama had seriously affected the majority of the cast. In spite of the lack of scenery props, and other minor details, we put it across most successfully.

Then, after our mothers and fathers had cooked and fussed, after our teachers had patiently slaved, and after the dear public had loosened its purse strings, we finally attained Washington! I dreamed I saw gleaming with the same radiance as did the Celestial City when Christian first viewed it, a beautiful white dome, illuminated by many powerful electric lamps, raising itself aloft above its sister virtues. The dome of the Capitol of the United States was my first, last, and greatest impression of the splendid city of Washington. We all enjoyed our trip and appreciated the educational importance of it. But it was all over in six days and we returned home to enthuse over our experiences, our ideas of traveling, and our new acquaintances, for we made many of them, and some of us just can't understand why the baseball game between Rockport and Hamilton should have been called off!

Now I am dreaming of seventeen white dresses and two dark suits marching toward the stage of the Town Hall, for Vanity Fair has been passed, Giant Despair overthrown, the River Jordan crossed, and we are ready to grasp the gate of the Celestial City.

—KATHRYN L. LAMSON, '28.



### Class Prophecy

NOT having the gift of prophecy myself, and being told to reveal the future of my classmates, I found myself in dire straits. Finally the shade of Aeneas came to me as I lay in troubled sleep, and told me to seek the counsel of the Cumaean Sibyl. Arising, I accompanied Aeneas to the cave of the Sibyl. She was loathe to disclose the secrets but at last she consented to speak. This is what she said:

"Twenty-five years from now, William Allen will be chauffeuring one of the dignitaries of the town of Hamilton in one of Henry Ford's latest creations.

"Rena McEwen will be Mayoress of Rockport.

"Eunice Dodge will be editor of the HAMILTON ITEM.

"Doris Honeysett will be teaching artists in the embryo how to draw a straight line.

"Josephine Laski will be leading soprano for the Metropolitan Opera Company.

"Caroline Alexander will be in charge of the Child Welfare Association of Hamilton and Wenham.

"Dorothy Hatt will be end-girl in Ziegfeld's chorus.

"Mary Peterson will be editor of a column entitled *Mary's Manners* in the Sunday papers.

"Robert Robertson will be chairman of the moving picture censor-board of Boston and will feel all the dignity of his position.

"Anna Thompson will be known as the WORLD'S GREATEST TAMER OF WILD DOGS in a popular vaudeville circuit.

"Evelyn Grant will be a headliner as a second Sara Bernhardt and a

lionized leading-lady at the leading theatre of Essex County, namely, the EMPIRE.

"Mary Corcoran will be directress of Hamilton's Tourist Agency.

"Alma Mitchell will be giving a correspondence course in Stage-dancing; diploma guaranteed.

"Oona Ryan will be pricking butterflies for a learned scientist.

"Kathryn Lamson will be dissecting the Iliad and Macbeth for the struggling seniors of Hamilton High. She will be justly proud of being able to get a little more work from her classes than she gave to Mrs. Boyd's.

"Mildred Baldwin will be a popular member of the Futuristic Art Colony of New York.

"Helen Haraden and Margaret Donlon will be custodians of the key to Hamilton Center.

"Jenny Maione will be teaching the value of a sunny disposition to those afflicted otherwise." Here the Sibyl sighed and said, "The faculty of Hamilton High will be . . . "

"Will be?" I prompted. She glared at me and said, "If you can't come in here without chattering, stay out!"

"How like . . . "

"Mrs. Boyd," said the Sibyl, "will be Professor of Mythology at her alma mater, but her classes will be open only to those who can control that organ of their anatomy which is about the smallest, yet the most ram-bunctious, the tongue.

"Miss Hayward will be settled in Peabody with a promising Girls' Preparatory School under her able guidance.

"Mr. Cottle will be superintendent of the Hamilton schools, taking Mr. Whittier's place who will be chairman

of the State Board of Education.

"Miss MacRae will be conducting classes in the Hamilton Commercial School with all up-to-date equipment.

"Miss Burns will be in charge of an advisory committee on Commercial Law in the State House."

Here the Sibyl said, "Lo, remember this!" Then she closed her mouth

in a firm line. I made her the customary offering and returned home, surprised yet greatly amused at the revelations, and determined to inform my fellow pupils and teachers of the future that awaited them in the next twenty-five years.

—OONA RYAN, '28.



### ***The Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1928***

"WE, the most pious members of the Senior Class of H. H. S. in the year of Our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-eight, being in a state of alleged sanity, do will the following items of vast importance—viz. to wit namely:

"To the whole high school a new bell which, always being of the same tone month in and month out, will be easier to interpret.

"To our much harassed and patient home-room teacher, Miss McRae, we bequeath with many doubts; nevertheless, the hope that her future classes will be more of quality rather than quantity.

"To Mrs. Boyd we extend the wish that she may long remember our very *industrious* and *brilliant* scholarship.

"To Miss Hayward we express the hope that some day she may have a class that is original in excuses and does not always use the same one: 'We have so much History and English to do that - -'

"To Miss Burns we bequeath the important position of preparing juniors to be seniors.

"To Mr. Cottle we give a marvelously equipped laboratory—the best in the state.

"To Mrs. Whipple we give an assistant to attend to the candy man.

"To Mr. Whittier we bequeath an office far, far away from the raucous noises of the senior room.

"To the junior class as a whole we bequeath the noble and dignified position of seniors, and hope that they will "bend the oar" as well as we have (?).

"To each illustrious individual the very magnanimous seniors extend these their valuables:

"Kathryn Lamson, the child prodigy of the Latin class, bequeaths to Sarah Ayres the notes.

"Evelyn Grant, the youngest member of the senior class, bequeaths to Anna Baron, the youngest member of the junior class, her many childish fancies.

"Mildred Baldwin gives her very dignified position as class boss to Babe Mason.

"Oona Ryan, gives, with her best intentions, her advice (gained by experience) on petting to Wilhelmenia Ready.

"Margaret Donlon and Helen Haraden bequeath their rule for perpetual and loving companionship to Jeanne Cullity and Marguerite Mason.

"Anna Thompson bequeaths her very exceptional advice on social etiquette to Helen Foster.

"Mary Corcoran hands on her ability to keep quiet her many loves to Carolyn Southwick.

"Alma Mitchell gives Bessie Dunn her advice on keeping up the 'ruling passion.'

"Caroline Alexander extends a helping hand to any junior who is troubled with nerves.

"Dorothy Hatt leaves her place as 'short-hand demon' to Isabelle Caverly.

"Mary Peterson gives her place, as the only senior to do her Latin faithfully, to Menia Ready and hopes 'it's not the part she couldn't do'!

"Robert Robertson, 3rd, bequeaths his official position as senior fly catcher to Al. Malone. (Mr. Malone can only escape this by closing his mouth.)

"William Allen gives the sweet bliss of finding 'the girl from Rockport' in Washington to Peter Pappas.

"Rena MacEwen bequeaths her position of chaperon of the senior class while in Washington, to Muriel Pentz and hopes she will be as capable.

"Eunice Dodge gives her unobtrusive ways to Lillian Hatt.

"Doris Honeysett bequeaths to Mary MacDonald her athletic prowess and hopes that she may find some opening in H. H. S. to show it.

"Josephine Laski bequeaths her position as the champion speedy reader of the senior class to Grace Melanson.

"Being exceptionally valuable property, the senior class feels that it cannot part with the former unless the juniors do consent with this oath: 'We cross our hearts and hope to die' that they will adopt, with no quarreling and argumentation, the great motto, which we have ever held before us, 'Nihil Sine Labore.'

"If this condition is not faithfully adhered to, our very valuable property shall be transferred to a fund for the building of a home for afflicted seniors.

"To the people of Hamilton, and any others who have helped us to secure funds, we extend our hearty thanks and best wishes.

"And now having disposed of our most valuable property, we sincerely hope that all who have been named are satisfied and will remember us long for our many and great virtues and not for our multitudinous and much greater faults. We extend our gratitude and best wishes to everyone and hope that sometime in the dim future we shall all meet again.

"To this, our last will and testament, we set our hand and seal in the town of Hamilton, Mass., on this the twenty-eighth day of June, Anno Domini, nineteen hundred and twenty-eight.

"THE CLASS OF 1928.

"Witnesses:

"GENERAL BURBECK

"PROFESSOR RELYEA."



**Exit Seniors '28**

We will see in years before us  
 We are classmates though we part.  
 Memories live with us forever,  
 And are carved upon each heart.  
 Time divides the joy and friendship  
 We have shared with in the past;  
 Time will send us through life's door-  
 way,  
 Schooldays do not always last.

Ever upward we will journey,  
 "To the Stars," our highest aim.  
 None will falter in their purpose,  
 Upward, toward the goal of fame.  
 Of the teachers, friends and class-  
 mates,  
 Of the school we'll often tell.  
 As we end our happy sojourn,  
 Seniors pause to bid "farewell."

—MILDRED BALDWIN, '28.

**Washington!**

AS WE boarded the 4:04, we felt as though our life's work had been completed and we were going for our final award. When we reached Boston and scrambled through the subway, grabbing seats in a very Bostonian manner, we began to wonder if it really was as great as others had said it was. Upon reaching the South Station, we were met by Mr. McCready who presented us with stickers and labels which gave us the appearance of being a much-traveled group. At this station, a special train awaited us and it was here that we met the Rockport crowd with whom some of our classmates made very interesting acquaintances!

While jolting along on the train to Fall River, we ate our lunch and began to estimate how many of us would need *Mother Sill's Seasick Pills*. At last we were at the dock and then aboard the boat. We stowed our luggage and began to explore the boat from the top-deck to the engine-room and then went to our bunks. Early in the morning came a call, "Four-thoity! Four-thoity!" and we realized that traveling meant early hours. On our way to the dining-

room, we met some people rushing to upper deck with a decidedly un-hungry air; however, most of the members of the class were good sailors and enjoyed their breakfast.

Shortly afterwards, we boarded the train for Washington. We made a hurried stop at Philadelphia where we saw the statue of William Penn and Independence Hall through a misty rain. When we arrived at Washington, we boarded a bus and thought we were safely on our way to the DRISCOLL but our driver didn't know where the hotel was, or the traffic rules either! He was stopped by a traffic officer who repeated in a parrot-like fashion, "Don't you know any better? Don't you know any better?" It seemed that he had driven right down the safety-zone and had frightened the pedestrians. We finally managed to get to the hotel and found our chaperons in a great state of mind, thinking we were lost. We had supper and those that felt equal to it went to the Fox, where they saw a marvelous show.

Sunday morning we were wakened early and were taken to the Monas-



tery. Upon our return, some went to see the president at church, while others remained in their rooms to write postal cards and rest for the trip to Arlington Cemetery. After seeing the Unknown Soldier's Grave and the new Amphitheatre, we went to the Potomac Flying Field where some daring members of the class went up to get a "bird's-eye view of the Capitol." That evening, after supper, we went to the Congressional Library and saw a number of interesting things. The rest of the week we spent in seeing the Corcoran Art Gallery, Red Cross Building, Smithsonian Institute, Lincoln Memorial, Pan-American Building, White House, Washington Monument, Capitol, Annapolis, and Mount Vernon.

Mount Vernon was one of the nicest places we visited. Returning, we came up the Potomac, which, like other rivers of the south, is yellow and muddy-looking, a direct contrast to our clear, sparkling rivers of the North. Having spent an extra day at the capital, we started for home. One member of the class thought we would have as large a reception as we had on going away, but even the town-loiterers were elsewhere that morning.

Ever since we have returned to school we have been told that we have been present in body but not in mind, but, when all is said and done, we still regard our diplomas as the real goal of our four years' work in High School! —OONAH RYAN, '28.



### *Bon Voyage to the Seniors*

ON JUNE 27 the Seniors leave us to "tread the merry measure" of the graduation music.

We, the juniors, wish to say that we appreciate what they have done for us, but fully realize that they were far too busy to help us a great deal.

The junior class is deeply indebted to the senior class president, Doris Honeysett, for under her able guidance we succeeded in making our junior prom a great success. Although many times the skies of decoration seemed overcast, Doris caused the clouds to disappear and the sun to shine.

So great is our joy because of the

approaching summer vacation that we find it difficult to think of our next year's study before we grasp that flighty being in the distance—our diploma.

When our predecessors, the Seniors of 1928, are traveling the paths of their chosen professions and appealing to Minerva for help, we hope that they will not forget to ask a few tokens of that majestic goddess in the favor of those who still study to attain the desired goal. We also hope that Minerva will grace them with all her powers and we take this opportunity to wish them "bon voyage" through their journey of life.

—M. P., '29.



## Language Department

### The Funeral Games

AFTER leaving Carthage, Aeneas directed his course toward Sicily, where he was welcomed by Acestes, king of Sicily and of Trojan parentage. Here he celebrated, with sacrifice and various games, his father's death.

The first of these games was a boat race. Mnestheus entered "Pristis," Gyas, the huge "Chimaera," Sergestus, the sea-blue, "Centaur" and Cloanthus, the "Scylla." Gyas and Cloanthus first acquired the lead, but because Gyas' pilot enraged him by going too far around the rocks, at the turn in the course, he threw him overboard. Sergestus ran the Centaur on to the rocks. Cloanthus, however, directed his boat the best, and because he did not forget to ask the gods to help him, he won the race.

The next game was a foot race. Salius, Helymus, Panopes, Euryalus and Nisus entered. Eurylaus slipped in the gore of a recently sacrificed bull. This left Salius in the lead, directly followed by Eurylaus. Nisus saw this and wishing his friend, Eurylaus, to win, tripped Salius. Aeneas, however, was very generous and gave gifts to both Salius and Nisus.

The boxing match was next announced, but only Dares came forward. He boasted of his strength, so others feared to contest against him. Acestes begged Entellus, an old man who owned the boxing gloves of Eryx, to oppose Dares. Eryx had fought against Hercules. The victory seemed first to belong to Dares, but after Entellus summoned his strength, he laid Dares on the ground.

A contest in archery was next held. The target was a pigeon tied to a mast. Hippocoon fixed his arrow in the mast; Mnestheus severed the cord and freed the dove and Eurytion shot the bird in mid-air. The latter was given a prize and Acestes also received a gift, because his arrow took fire in the sky.

The fifth and last contest was a joust among the boys. Ascanius, Aeneas' little son, was foremost in this contest.

Games are now used to celebrate festive occasions; whereas with the ancients they were manifestations of mourning. How will a like occasion be observed three thousand years from now?

—MARY PETERSON.

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### La Classe Francaise

ON ENTEND ces expressions ici et là dans la classe française.

"Je n'ai pas fait ma leçon française parce que j'ai eu trop d'anglais à faire."

"O, Mademoiselle Hayward, je ne peux pas comprendre ces phrases-ci."

"Cette histoire est trop sèche."

"Qu'allons-nous lire la prochaine fois, Mademoiselle Hayward?"

"Lisons quelque chose de gai."

"Attendez une minute, je sais ce que veut dire ce mot mais je ne peux pas me rappeler ce qu'il veut dire."

—MARY CORCORAN, '28.

### *A Journey to the Styx*

INTO the realms of Pluto, where the shades of men's bodies wander about disconsolately, the Virgil class is fighting its way with Aeneas.

First before us is the Styx, whose black, swirling waters seem unapproachable. Charon with his beard unkempt and with fiery, feverish eyes stands grimly before us. His shell-like boat groans under the weight of human bodies as he ferries us across, our ticket being the golden bough sacred to Proserpina. Hordes of shades morbidly wander about the edge of the river imploring passage.

Across the river other difficulties await us. Cerebus with his three barking throats is the first formidable one.

As we are not souls who have passed on, we are able to pass Rhadamanthus and Minos without having our sins and virtues weighed upon the scales at the Bar of Justice.

Before us gapes the fiery mouth of Tartarus from whose depths come horrid cries and harsh noises. Here the evils which men have done are being atoned for. There, the awful Hydra, the flaming Chimaera, and the hundred-armed Briareus and

cruel Furies torture the condemned. We think with shudders of Tantalus, craving food and water and being refused; of Ixion being turned on his huge wheel; of Sisyphus continually pushing his rock up a mountain; and of the Danaides forever pouring water into a sieve. We pass into the realms of the heroes who wander in the gloom with morbid sorrow.

Then with much relief we turn from these melancholy regions to the Elysian fields where the happy reside.

A sun and stars of its own belong to Elysium and merry sports are being engaged in. Their realm is the Valley of Oblivion into which we can not pass, for before us flows the Lethe. Whosoever crosses this river is forgetful of everything which has occurred to him before. New souls are given to these again, when the gods will that they live again in order that they may redeem the old life.

However joyful their life may be; none of the souls are really contented and long for their old life and we pass back to reality with a thanksgiving for our life and our beliefs which offer eternal happiness for those deserving.

—EVELYN GRANT, '28.

### *La Leçon de Mathématique*

LA maîtresse commença la leçon de mathématique et demanda à Paul la question suivante.

Paul, combien font deux et quatre?

Deux et quatre font six, dit le garçon.

La maîtresse demanda la question sous une forme nouvelle.

Si je vous donne deux sous et que votre père vous fasse un cadeau de quatre sous, combien de sous aurez-vous?

Huit sous, dit l'enfant.

Mais non, dit la maîtresse, voici la question qui je vous ai demandé si je vous donne deux sous et que votre père vous fasse un cadeau de quatre sous, combien de sous aurez-vous?

Huit sous, dit l'enfant de nouveau.

Mais quatre et deux ne font pas huit.

Mais, mademoiselle, j'ai déjà deux sous dans ma poche.

La maîtresse était satisfaite.



## SENIOR CLASS

Left to Right : Dorothy Hatt, Rena MacEwen, Helen Haraden, Eunice  
Mr. Robert Robertson, Jr., Robert Robertson, 3rd, Mrs. R  
Kathryn Lamson, Mildred Baldwin, Mary Corcoran, and





S N WASHINGTON

Dodge, Mary Peterson, Evelyn Grant, Barbara Corcoran, Homer Withee,  
Robert Robertson, Jr., William Allen, Alma Mitchell, Oona Ryan,  
Anna Thompson, Margaret Donlon, Mr. William McCready

## Class Notes

### Class of 1928

NAME	KNOWN AS	GENERALLY SEEN	SUPPORTED BY	LIVES FOR	AMBITION
Jennie Maione	"Jennie"	Room 2	Mischief	Miss Burns	Teacher
Helen Haraden	"Helen"	Daley's store	Margaret	English periods	Town crier
Mildred Baldwin	"Millie"	Anywhere but home	Wise cracks	Friday nights	To visit Rockport
Kathryn Lamson	"Kitty"	With Millie	Highland Street	The fun of it	Minister
Oonah Ryan	"Maggie"	Hurrying	Chevrolet	Blind dates	Journalist
Margaret Donlon	"Margie"	With Helen	Gasoline station	Her cards	To be a good sailor
Anna Thompson	"Ann"	Late at night	Good humor	Her Ford	Uncertain
Evelyn Grant	"Evie"	Dancing	Eyes	Her profile	Eight Sutherland sister
Mary Corcoran	"Mickie"	Studying	Mystery	Willowdale	Chauffeur
Alma Mitchell	"Aggie"	Doing French	Everyone	June 27th	To dream
Robert Robertson	"Bob"	Talking	The class?	Inspiration	To go to Harvard
Mary Peterson	"Pete"	Doing Bob's Latin	Winning ways	Future	Professor
Dorothy Hatt	"Dot"	Arguing in class	Herself	A plus perfect	Saleswoman
Caroline Alexander	"Car'line"	Out riding	Two feet	Malden	Nurse
William Allen	"Bill"	In Essex	Rockport?	What?	Mormon
Rena McEwen	"Rena"	At the Grove	Mail	Wareham	"Traveling for her health"
Eunice Dodge	"Eunice"	Alone	Silence	Peace and quiet	Radio announcer
Doris Honeysett	"Dot"	Out walking	Ideas	British Isles	To sketch nature at its best
Josephine Laski	"Jo"	Kozy Korner	Her poems	Arguments	Stenographer

### Class of 1929

THE JUNIOR PROM is a thing of the past. It was held May 18 and completely fulfilled the anticipation of the class.

The first of June a whist party was held to benefit the seniors. Although it was not a great financial success,

we hope the small sum has been of some aid to them.

Our mythology class held a social at the East School, June 1. The first part of the evening was occupied by a Grecian sketch and the latter by general amusement.

### Sophomores, Class '30

"THE time draweth near." Soon we will be juniors, that is, if some of us don't fall overboard at Crane's Beach, June 16, on our picnic. We planned to go to Provincetown, but Mr. Cottle was afraid that the "chosen" ones would get lost, so we decided to go to Crane's Beach. We'll be safe there (if nobody kidnaps Annabelle).

We certainly have some STARS in our class. We had three representatives in the Mythology play. They were Kathleen Morphew, Thelma Bailey, Eloise McRae.

We take this opportunity to bid Kathleen, our treasurer, farewell. She has been very faithful and we greatly regret that she will soon be cheering for Ipswich High and not for Hamilton. We hope that while she is there she will remember us and come back to visit us often.

The sophomores gave a candy sale May 22. Members of the committee in charge were: Annabelle Foss, Marjorie Baker, Polly Feener, Edwin Sanford. In spite of the fact that several didn't pay, we made over \$3.50.

**Freshman Notes**

**D**URING the last session the men representing the firm from which we were to pick our class pins came. The Pin Committee submitted two very attractive pins for our selection. The voting was very close, the chosen pin winning by just one vote.

The treasurer wishes to state that the members of the freshman class are slacking in the paying of class dues. It will be greatly appreciated by the treasurer if they will pay their dues at once.

This year's freshman Latin class is the first class in several years to finish the book in the freshman year, so we are taking this time to congratulate our teacher as well as ourselves for the work accomplished.

Most of us went to the junior prom and several had the honor of marching with some of the juniors, a distinction which we fully appreciated. We are hopefully looking forward to our junior prom but it seems quite a ways off, although by dint of hard work, and with conscientious study, we will be so busy that the time will soon slip away.

It is now time to take a fond and loving farewell of our junior high days, as this year completes our preparation for the senior high. We hope that we are fully prepared, for rumor tells us that we needs **MUST** be in order to pass the inspection of the senior high teacher's!

**Junior II Notes**

**T**HE returns of the History Contest between Hamilton and Wenham are as follows:

- 1st prize: Wenham
- 2nd prize: Wenham
- 3rd prize: Hamilton (Edna Linn)
- 4th prize: Wenham
- 5th prize: Hamilton

(Margaret Sewell)

In the final contest we are glad to say that Hamilton was awarded the second prize which was presented to Edna Linn.

When we came back from the May vacation, we found that Miss Sullivan was taking Miss Bean's place; although Miss Sullivan keeps us working hard we like her because she is full of "pep."

The flower contest has been going since the last of April and up to the present time one hundred and eight different kinds of flowers have been brought in. There are two lists: the prize list which is for the person who brings in the most flowers first; the other list is for the science marks.

The music Memory Contest was held June 4th, Topsfield winning 1st place, Wenham second, and Hamilton 3rd. Essex and Manchester came last. The score for Hamilton stood:

Muriel Gould	had perfect score..	240
Howard Boyd	.....	239
Gladys Back	.....	234
Donald Greely	.....	230
Thelma Davis	.....	225
Everett Holland	.....	197

Miss Bean (in composition): "Which topic did you take, Lawrence?"

L. Peterson: "No. 4."

Miss Bean: "Which part? Making a dress?"

Hostess: "I hope you enjoyed your game of cards with the major; he is awfully clever."

Guest: "I should say he was. He started telling my fortune and now he's counting it."

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**CLASS**

**of**

**1931**

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**Junior I Class Report**

**J**UNIOR I had a candy sale May 7th, and made a very good sum of money. We, as a class, have progressed very well this year; we have about fifteen dollars in the treasury.

For clubs this term we have the Reed Club, under Mrs. Ramer's supervision; Girls' Athletic Club under Miss Sullivan, and the Game Club under Miss Wyman. The boys, in their physical training class, have had some interesting games of German backball with the eighth grade, each winning a game. The final game will be played this Tuesday.

—DONALD GREELEY.

**Noted Seniors**

**W**as **E**ver **A**ngelic  
**R**etarded **R**iser  
**M**any **E**venings **B**orrowed  
**K**eeps **L**ooking **L**ittler  
**M**akes **E**very **C**lass  
**E**ver **G**raceful  
**H**appy **W**ith **H**istory  
**O**ften **M**akes **R**aids  
**A**lways **A**fter **M**e  
**M**ost **E**arnest **P**upil  
**J**okes **B**orrow **M**ischief  
**A** Joyful **T**alker  
**D**oesn't **G**et **H**umbugs  
**C**atches **M**any **A**ttactions  
**J**olly **J**uvenile **L**ady  
**M**y **R**ed **D**ress  
**R**uns **E**very **M**eeting  
**E**ver **E**nters **D**ocilely  
**D**oesn't **A**rrive **H**astily

**Commercial Notes**

**T**HE Commercial Club meetings have been held regularly for the past two months, and have resulted in interesting gatherings.

At the first meeting held this term, the members learned something about Parliamentary Rules and how to conduct themselves at a business meeting.

Three short sketches, entitled "We Stenographers Three," were given by members of the club at our May meeting. These sketches showed unsatisfactory stenographers applying for positions and being rejected by business men. We hope the seniors who intend to be stenographers will benefit by the points suggested in this entertainment.

At our last business meeting, we voted to present to the Commercial department a reference book as a

gift from the club. It is hoped that it will be possible for the club to add to this many other books for the use of the commercial students.

**RECENT TYPEWRITING  
AWARDS**

**CERTIFICATES**


Jennie Maione .....	L. C. Smith
Anna Thompson .....	Royal
Isabelle Caverly .....	Royal
Jeanne Cullity .....	Remington
Jeanne Cullity .....	L. C. Smith
Jeanne Cullity .....	Royal
Helen Foster .....	L. C. Smith

**PINS**

Dorothy Hatt ..	Gold ..	Remington
Eunice Dodge ..	Silver ..	Remington
Josephine Laski	Bronze	Underwood
Isabelle Caverly	Bronze	Underwood

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## *Exchanges*

*Lasell Leaves*,  
Lasell Seminary,  
Auburndale, Mass.

What talent Lasell is blessed with! Your stories, poems, and editorials are all very enjoyable, but we think you could add to your magazine by establishing a language department.

*The Aegis*,  
Beverly, Mass.

We are glad to hear from you again, for we always look forward to seeing your poems and remarks on school work.

*The Authentic*,  
Stoneham, Mass.

Your magazine and ours are the only ones we have seen that have language departments. We think it adds greatly to the publication, don't you? Glad to meet you; come again!

*Essex Ways*,  
Essex, Mass.

Greetings, neighbors! If schools of adjoining towns are not interested in one another who should be? We are sure that everyone must be attracted to your paper by its excellent stories.

---

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### Magazine Campaign for Athletic Association

A VERY successful campaign was carried out by the members of Hamilton High School, under the auspices of the Curtis Publishing Company, for the benefit of the Athletic Association.

The school was divided into two sides, the reds and the greens. The sales managers for the greens were Anna Thompson and Albert Malone; for the reds, Charles Whipple and Sarah Ayers. A fund of approximately seventy dollars was netted for the Athletic Association.

Premiums were received by the pupils selling three or more subscriptions and after the close of the campaign the premiums were awarded. Charles Whipple, Rose Aimee Perron and William Ruggles were the highest salesmen, Whipple selling over twenty subscriptions.

We very much appreciate the interest shown by the people, both in this town and others, and wish to thank them for their help.

—M. P., '29.



### Jokes

"L'editeur est-il l'homme qui met les choses dans la revue?"

"Non, un editeur est un homme qui empêche que les choses entrent dans la revue."



Son: "Daddy, what do you call a man who drives a car?"

Father: "It all depends on how close he comes to me."



Brown: "Why is my wife's face like her bank account?"

Smith: "I'm no good at riddles."

Brown: "Both are a little over-drawn."



Angler: "I want your paper to be sure to mention my big fish."

Reporter: "When did you catch it?"

Angler: "Next Sunday."



Miss Burns: "Some people talk a lot, but don't do much."

Lillian: "You said a mouthful."

"Why does a blush creep up a girl's cheek?"

"Because if it went any faster it would kick up a dust."



A certain member of the House of Commons was motoring down to Westminster one day when his car was stopped by the cart of a costermonger who was selling shrimps to the housewives on the street.

"Move on there," shouted the chauffeur.

"I'll move when I get ready; you don't own the blinkin street," replied the vender.

"My good man, you evidently do not know who I am," interposed the occupant of the car, "I have M. P. at the end of my name."

"So 'as every bloomin' shrimp in my cart," was the instant retort.



There is a bright side to everything—even to the seats of old trousers.

CLASS OF 1928

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CLASS OF 1929

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CLASS OF 1930

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